

Terrified by **TheMikeWheelers (jasongracefully)**

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: F/M

Language: English

Relationships: Eleven & Mike Wheeler, Eleven/Mike Wheeler

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-02-02

Updated: 2017-02-02

Packaged: 2022-04-02 00:22:53

Rating: General Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,523

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

A Soulmate AU

Terrified

Mike had hated the tattoo for most of his life. Everyone had theirs, the small circle on their wrist, changing colors to show the moods of their soulmates. He spent his entire childhood staring down at his tattoo, wondering why everyone else's were so vibrant and colorful, yet his were always the same fearsome shades.

It had become a pattern practically, Mike was used to it. The bright green which he knew meant fear, soon followed by the deep blue for sadness. These two colors alternated on his wrist, forming a cycle only ever interrupted by the occasional angry red.

Mike had never met his soulmate, at least he thought he didn't. He didn't have the slightest idea who she was, yet having this constant reminder of all the pain she was in became a source of negativity for Mike for his entire childhood.

Then he met her, the girl he couldn't help but fall in love with. Then all the puzzle pieces came together, the story came out of her dark past, and where all her hurt had come from.

Mike thought he hated the tattoo before, but after meeting El, after falling in love with her, he hated it more than ever. He hated having the reminder of her pain forever painted on his arm. He hated that at any moment all he had to do was look down at his wrist and know that the girl he loves was upset.

There were upsides though, such as the first time he saw the tattoo turn a sunshine yellow. It was just after he met her, he was showing her how his father's La-Z Boy worked and he reclined the chair, tipping her over.

That was the first time he ever heard her beautiful laugh, the same laugh he adored until the world's end, but her laugh wasn't the main thing that stood out to him. Instead it was the bright light illuminating from his wrist. He'd never seen it turn that color before, he'd never heard of El being so happy.

That's what things started to change. He started adjusting to a new

life, a life with El in it. Suddenly she was so much happier than he could ever imagine, and that tattoo wasn't as terrible anymore. There were still the bad days, where it turned the familiar blue and green, but every time he saw the yellow circle on his arm, Mike couldn't help but smile widely.

This became a kind of superpower for Mike, he wasn't telepathic like El, but now he had his own way of knowing what was going on with her. He knew whenever she was afraid, from the way his wrist changed colors. He knew when nightmares came to her at night, and he knew when her panic attacks were coming on, in the end it made it so much easier for him to help her.

Just because they were soulmates though, that didn't mean things were perfect between Mike and El. He was sure she didn't even know what soulmates were, and she was still learning about romance and love. He didn't want to pressure her into a relationship, after all, they were young. They're soulmates, they're always going to be there for each other, no need to rush it now.

That decision wasn't always the easiest for Mike, however. There were still times when he was just overcome with his feelings for her. He was in love with El, and sometimes he really wished he could take things just a little further.

Tonight was one of those times. The boys had just left after a long campaign, and El was too exhausted for the bike ride home, so Mike insisted she just sleep over. Right now they were curled up in her old blanket fort, which he made sure was up every time she came over.

He had just given her a pillow and a blanket when she made a gesture signaling for him to come over to her.

She patted on the ground next to her, "Stay with me tonight?"

Mike instantly felt his entire face engulf in a deep blush, he wasn't sure how to respond, unable to even stammer out an answer. But then he looked down at El's hopeful eyes and he knew he couldn't say no.

He laid down awkwardly next to her, suddenly very aware that he

wasn't sure how to position himself or where to put his hands. El threw the blanket over them and pushed the pillow in between their heads. She turned to look at him, their faces only inches away from each other, which didn't do much to ease Mike's blush.

“Mike.”

“Yeah?”

“Tell me a story.”

El loved hearing his stories, from the funny memories he shared of the boys, to the epic fantasies he made for Dungeons and Dragons campaigns. El adored hearing anything he had to say really, just loving the sound of his voice, and the way he got so passionate when getting sucked into his story-telling.

“Did I ever tell you about the time Nancy asked me and the guys to help her with her bake sale?” El shook her head and Mike smiled, “She had to bake a ton of cookies for this fundraiser, but this was right after Holly was born so my mom couldn't help her. So she told Nancy to recruit us. Dustin and Lucas ended up getting into a fight with the flour and it got all over the kitchen, and then we forgot about the cookies in the oven and almost started a fire. Nancy ended up just buying some store-bought cookies, but it was fun to try and bake them.”

El giggled at the story, “I wish I was there for that.”

“You're here now.”

She gave him a small smile, and then it went silent. The only noises were of the crickets outside, and Mike was suddenly very aware of how close his face was to El's.

They stared at each other for a moment, drowning in the other's eyes. As if on instinct, they started leaning in.

This had happened plenty of times before, but they were always interrupted. But right now there was no one else around, just them alone, and they were slowly moving into each other.

Their lips were barely touching, but to Mike it felt like the entire world was exploding around him. There weren't any teasing friends to laugh at them, or monsters to barge in. Right now all that mattered to them was each other, and no matter how light it was, Mike's brain pounded knowing he was really kissing El.

Then El grabbed his hand, interlacing their fingers, and his attention was brought back to the tattoo on his wrist.

He glanced down for a second, before practically jumping away from El, staring down at the green tattoo on his wrist.

"I- I'm so sorry El!" He stuttered out.

She raised her eyebrows, suddenly self-conscious of their kiss, "What?"

"I shouldn't have done that, oh my God I'm such an idiot, I'm sorry."

"What are you talking about, Mike?" Her eyes widened, wondering what was so wrong about what they just did. Had she messed something up? Did she do something she shouldn't have?

"Th- the tattoo!" He gestured down at his wrist, "Green for fear, I'm so stupid! I just pushed myself onto you and I scared you. I'm sorry, El, I didn't mean to."

It went quiet for a couple moments before El interrupted, "I'm not scared Mike."

"But the tattoo?" He gestured down towards his wrist.

"I guess I'm a little scared. But it's not a bad scary, it's a good scary," She held up her wrist, showing her own green tattoo as well, "Aren't you scared?"

"Terrified. I'm scared of hurting you, of doing something wrong."

"Nancy told me this kind of scary was called butterflies, because it feels like there's a bunch of them in your stomach. She says it happens when you really like someone." Mike let out a small laugh at that, the tension easing off of him.

“So you feel butterflies around me?” He flirted, raising his eyebrows at her.

El’s face heated up, the redness that was normally reserved for Mike was creeping up her cheeks. Shyly, she nodded.

“Well, uh, I feel butterflies around you too.” He reached over to grab her hand, intertwining them once more.

It was silent for a few moments before he spoke up again, “Are you sure this is okay?”

El nodded, feeling her face gradually get closer to his once again, “Sometimes the scary thing is the same thing you want to do.”

“This is all I want to do.” Mike felt his face heat up at his attempt to flirt, but it didn't matter, because El was getting closer and closer to him. All he could see were her big eyes moving towards his.

They kissed once more, and as they felt the fireworks go off in their heads, it went unnoticed as their tattoos changed from green to the bright yellow once again.